Iag. Filth thou liest.

Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what should such a foole
Doe with so good a woman?

The Moore runnes at Iago. Iago *kils his wife.*

Oth. Are there no stones in heauen,
But what serues for the thunder? pretious villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, sure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my mistresse side. *Exit* Iago.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:
Come, guard the dore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather, I'le after that same villaine,
For tis a damned slaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipster gets my sword,
But why should honour out liue honesty?
Let it goe all.

Em. Moore, she was chast, she lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my soule to bliss, as I speake true;
So speaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *she dies.*

Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spaine, the Ilebrookes temper;
O here it is; Vncle I must come forth. Gra. *within.*

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Souldiers thigh: I haue seene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times you stop: but O vaine boast,
Who can controule his Fate? tis not so now,

the Moore of Ven
Bee not affraide though
heere is my torments End
the very Sea marke of m
Doe you goe back dism
man but a rush against
and hee retires. Where
Pale as thy smocke, when
this looke of thine will
and feinds will snatch
Euen like thy chastity. O
whipp mee you deuills,
from the possession of this
Blow mee about in wind
wash mee in steepe dow
O Desdemona, Desdemona, dea
Enter Lodowico, Monta
Cassio in a Chair
Lod: Where is this rash and m
Othell. Thats he that was Othello
Lod: Where is that Viper? bring
Othell. I Looke downe towards
if that thou boast a do
Lod: Wrench his sword from him
Iago. I Bleede sir but not kild.

Othell
falne
what
Why
you w
in hom
This w
did you
I.
Deare
I. Doe
will y
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from
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Roderi
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